

If I were to hear you sigh

'If I were to hear you sigh
For a kiss or a letter
From the one that is by
Or away, and a better
Who could chain my heart down? What
Reasoned consideration deter it
From beating civilization flat?
Ah, she grows too wise for love –
As her fool ever sings
Adonis spoiled in the love-grove,
All, all those ruined lovely things Love put his hands to, hears beneath
Elaborate urgency of love's breath
Him domineered, fascinated by death.
Or have you transformed me from love's stuff
From cryptic attacker turned
Ghost constellation, burn and move
Remotely about your heavens of love:
Orion may cry but never follow after
Far away where, wanderer by wanderer,
The moon lies down with the west water.'

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